

JANUARY

No. 7



# NATIONAL

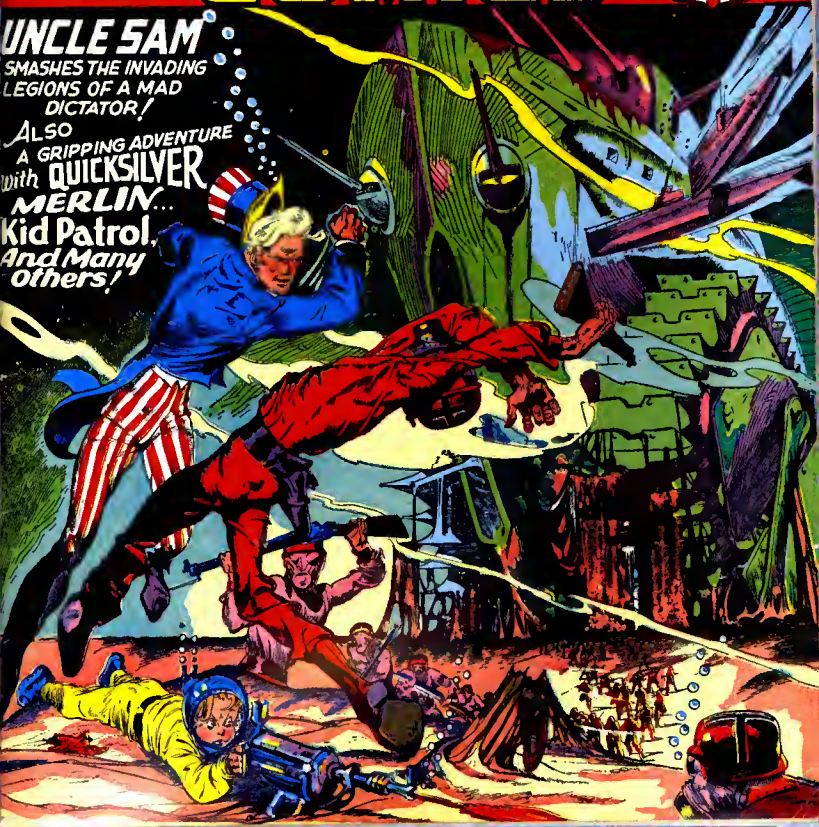
## COMICS

15¢ IN CANADA  
**10¢**

### UNCLE SAM

SMASHES THE INVADING  
LEGIONS OF A MAD  
DICTATOR!

ALSO  
A GRIPPING ADVENTURE  
WITH **QUICKSILVER**  
**MERLIN**...  
**Kid Patrol**,  
And Many  
Others!





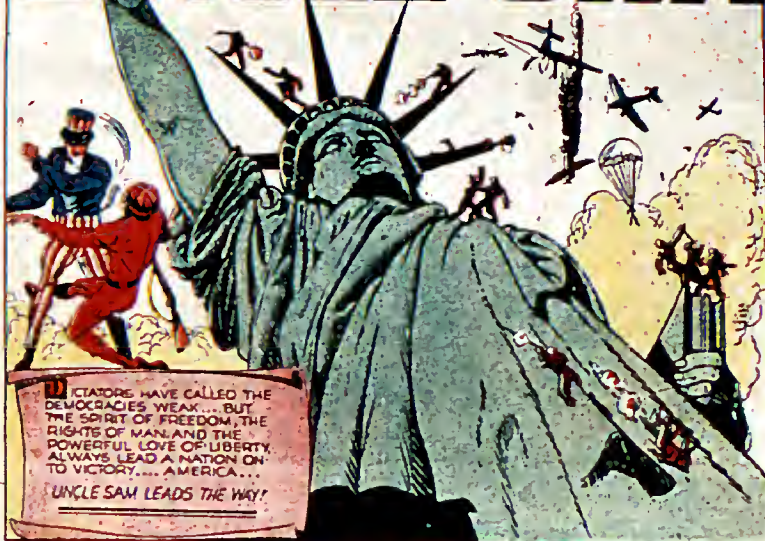


WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# UNCLE SAM

BY  
WM.  
EISNER



Dictators have called the democracies weak... BUT THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM, THE RIGHTS OF MAN, AND THE POWERFUL LOVE OF LIBERTY, ALWAYS LEAD A NATION ON TO VICTORY.... AMERICA...

**UNCLE SAM LEADS THE WAY!**

THE DICTATORS OF EUROPE HOLD THE POWER OF THE ENTIRE CONTINENT IN THEIR IRON FISTS.



NATIONS ONCE RICH WITH ABUNDANT CROPS, NOW LIE BENEATH A DESOLATE SKY..... BARREN, STARK, UNYIELDING CITIES LIE IN RUINS, AND THE RESOURCES OF THE LAND HAVE BEEN LAID WASTE.





ENGINEERS ARE MADE TO WORK NIGHT AND DAY DEVISING NEW MACHINES OF WAR... AT LAST...



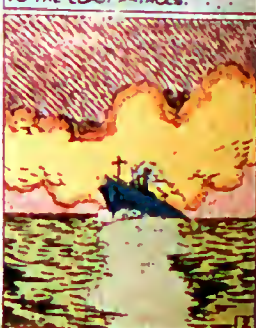
THE ORDER IS RUSHED INTO WORK AT ONCE ON THE GIANT SUB TANKS.



SOON THE MIGHTY DESTROYERS ARE ROLLING SPEEDILY ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN, EACH CONVEYING A THOUSAND ARMED MEN TO THE SHORES OF AMERICA.



BUT THE PEACEFUL SURFACE OF THE SEA GIVES NO WARNING TO THE COAST PATROLS.





WHILE OFF MONTAUK POINT ON LONG ISLAND THE GREATEST AMERICAN, UNCLE SAM, AND BUDDY ARE DOING SOME VACATIONING.

SUN, SEA, AIR AND PLenty OF FISH. THAT'S THE PEACEFUL LIFE, EH, BUDDY?



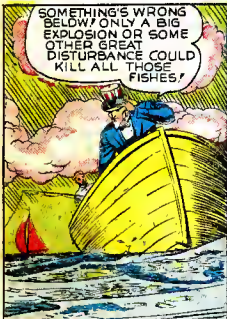
YES, IT'S A GREAT THING TO BE ENJOYING THE CARE-FREE BLESSINGS OF DEMOCRACY, FREEDOM, L.A.D., THAT'S A BIG FISH WE MUST NEVER LET OFF OUR LINE!



WHOA! WHAT'S THIS? DEAD FISHES RISING TO THE SURFACE, HUNDREDS OF THEM!



SOMETHING'S WRONG BELOW! ONLY A BIG EXPLOSION OR SOME OTHER GREAT DISTURBANCE COULD KILL ALL THOSE FISHES!

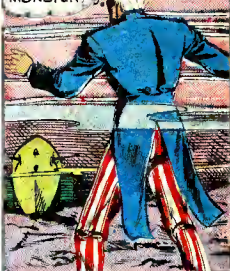


WHILE BUDDY WAITS ABOVE, UNCLE SAM DIVES TO THE BED OF THE OCEAN.



I'LL DO A LITTLE MARINE INVESTIGATION.

GREAT GLORY! WHAT A MONSTER!



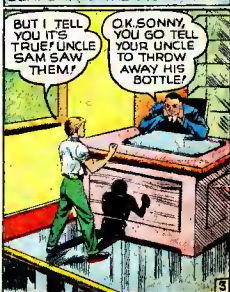
UNCLE SAM ADDRESSES THE FISHERMEN OF MONTAUK.



THIS COUNTRY IS IN DANGER OF IMMEDIATE INVASION. I'LL NEED EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU TO HELP ME!

WE'RE WITH YOU, SAM!

BUDDY RUNS TO THE COAST-GUARD WITH THE STORY.

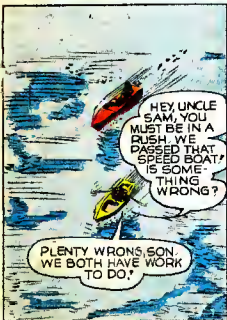


BUT I TELL YOU IT'S TRUE! UNCLE SAM SAW THEM!

O.K. SONNY, YOU GO TELL YOUR UNCLE TO THROW AWAY HIS BOTTLE!

HEY, UNCLE SAM, YOU MUST BE IN A RUSH. WE PASSED THAT SPEED BOAT! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

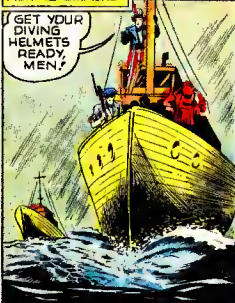
PLENTY WRONGS, SON. WE BOTH HAVE WORK TO DO.



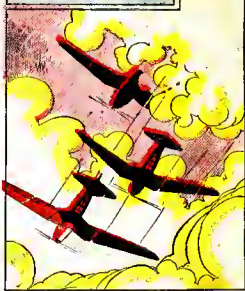
ARMED WITH OLD RIFLES, AXES AND ALL MANNER OF FARM AND FISHING IMPLEMENTS, THE MONTAUK MEN FOLLOW UNCLE SAM.



THEY SET OUT IN DORIES AND FISHING SMACKS.



MEANWHILE SWARMS OF ENEMY PLANES SWOOP DOWN TO TEASE THE COASTAL DEFENSE.



THE BIG GUNS ARE KEPT BUSY AS THE PLANES DODGE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.



AND WHILE THE AIR ATTACK HOLDS THE ARMY'S ATTENTION, THE HUGE SUB TANKS CRAWL UP ON THE UNGUARDED SHORE...



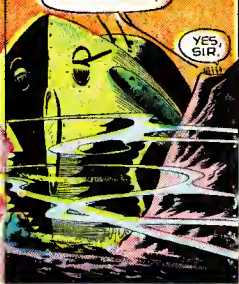
THE TROOPS DISEMBARK.....



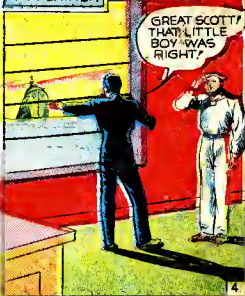
UNCLE SAM'S MEN HAVE GONE BELOW.



THAT'S THE ONE WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK... IT'S A THOUSAND TO FIFTY... READY?



ALMOST TOO LATE THE COAST GUARD REALIZE WHAT IS HAPPENING.



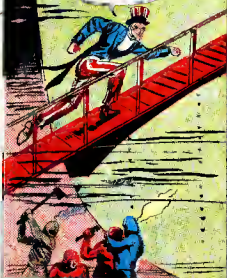




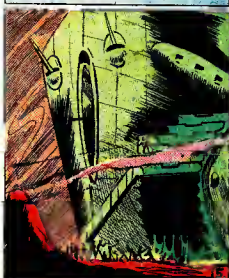
THE FISHERMEN PROVE MORE THAN EQUAL TO THE TASK.....

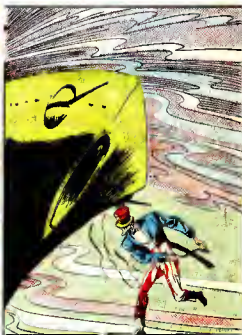
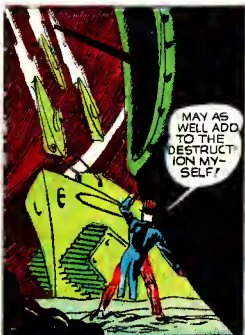
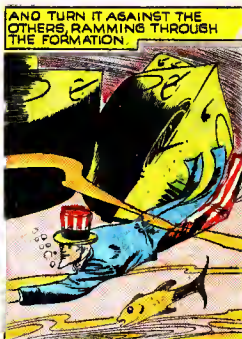


I'LL CLEAR THE ENEMY OUT FROM INSIDE!



IN FIFTEEN MINUTES UNCLE SAM RETURNS TO GIVE THE ALL CLEAR SIGNAL.

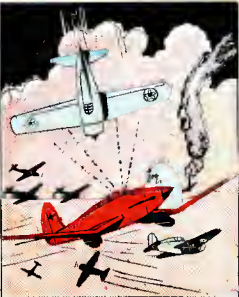




SOON AMERICAN SUBS COME BELOW TO COMPLETE THE JOB.



WHILE HIGH ABOVE, THE WINGED FORCES BATTLE WITH THE FOE.



THE INVADING PLANES ARE ROUTED BY THE FURY OF THE DEFENDERS.





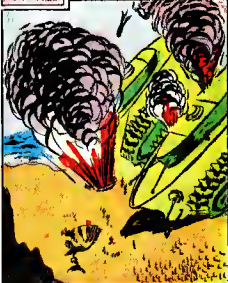
THE INFANTRY MARCHES OUT TO MEET THE INVADERS.



AND ARMY BOMBERS LEAVE THE SKY BATTLE TO ATTACK THE SUB TANKS.....



BOMB AFTER BOMB PLUMMETS DOWN UPON THE BEACHED TANKS.



WHILE UNDERSEAS, THE FISHERMEN STILL HOLD THEIR OWN...



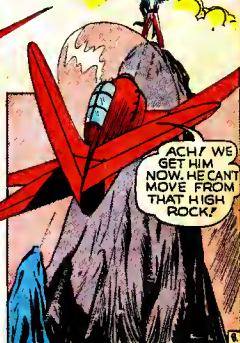
A GIANT TANK ROLLS OVER UNCLE SAM.



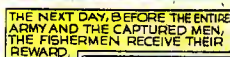
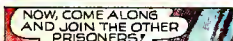
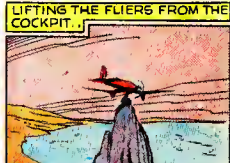
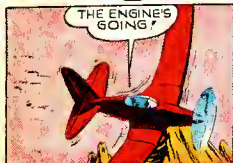
BUT HE RISES FROM BENEATH THE MIGHTY SHIP.













# Sally O'Neil

## POLICEWOMAN

BY  
FRANK KEARN



THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE... THAT DARING DARLING OF TROUBLE-SHOOTING FAME, THE LADY 'COPPER' SALLY O'NEIL TAKES ANOTHER CRACK AT THE CRIME RING... THE COUNTERFEITER'S GANG!

IN A DARK ALLEY A SMALL BOY PEERS INTO A CELLAR WINDOW!



GEE! LOOK AT ALL THAT COUGH!

SUDDENLY!



I'M A GONER!

HEY, COME BACK HERE, BRAT! I SEEN YA' PEEKIN'!

THE KID LOSE'S HIMSELF IN THE CROWDS ON THE STREET.



GRAMAW, I SAW 'EM MAKIN' THE LEAD DOUGH... NICKELS... DIMES... QUARTERS... BUT, BUT ONE OF THE GUYS SAW ME. HE'S AFTER ME!



NOW BARRY, I'VE TOLD YOU 100 TIMES.

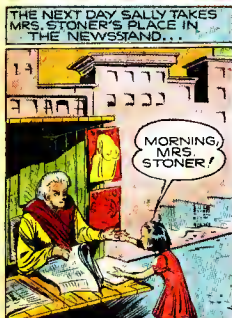
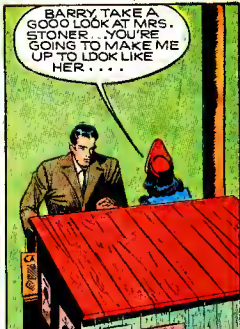
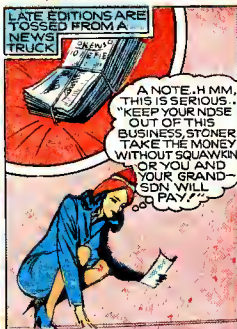


THAT YOUR DUTY IS WITH THE POLICE FORCE, AND NOT AS AN ACTOR'S WIFE IN HOLLYWOOD BUT, SALLY HONEY...

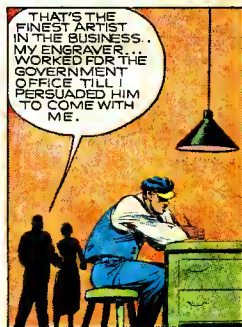
I'LL TAKE THE 'PRESS', MRS. STONER, HOW'S BUSINESS?



NOT SO GOOD MISS O'NEIL, I'VE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE.







BUT LUPINO IS STOPPED  
DEAD IN HIS TRACKS...

DON'T  
COME A  
STEP  
CLOSER!



NOW, LISTEN,  
I DON'T WANT  
TO HAVE TO  
GET TOUGH WITH  
A WOMAN YOUR  
AGE...BUT...



AS SALLY CATCHES LUPINO  
WITH A SHARP UPSWEEP, A  
CROOK STEALS UP BEHIND  
HER, BUT...



SHE WHEELS QUICKLY AND  
COVERS HIM WITH HER GUN...

SHE RIPS THE MASK OF  
PUTTY FROM HER FACE.

HOLY SMOKE!  
IT'S THE LADY  
COPPER!



DROP IT!  
OR I'LL MAKE  
THIS GUN  
TALK!



THE CROOKS ARE NOT THE  
ONLY STARTLED ONES...AN  
ANXIOUS ROW OF EYES  
WATCH THROUGH THE CELLAR  
WINDOW...



GEE! I HOPE  
SHE SLUGS 'EM  
ALL... THEN WE  
WON'T HAVE  
TO WORK FOR  
THEM ANY-  
MORE!

LOOK AT  
HER! SHE'S  
BEATEN  
'EM UP!



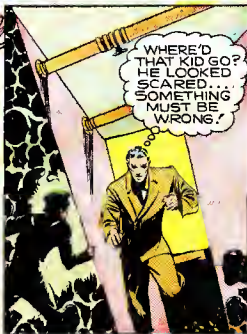
THEY  
SLUGGED  
HER!

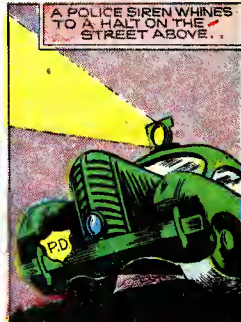
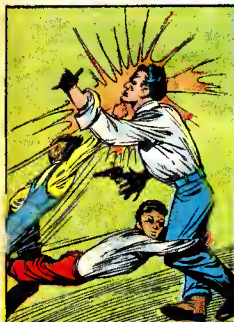


SCATTER,  
KIDS, AND CALL  
THE COPS!

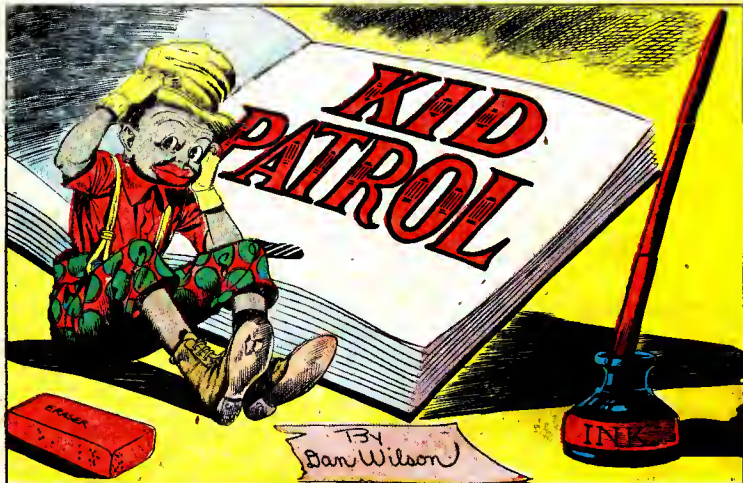












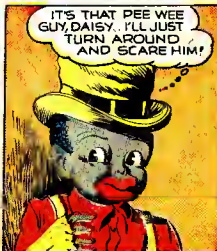
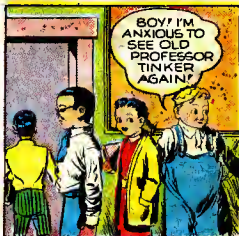
SCHOOL DAYS. YEP, SCHOOL DAYS ARE TOUGH DAYS FOR THE KIDS... AND MOTHERS TOO.

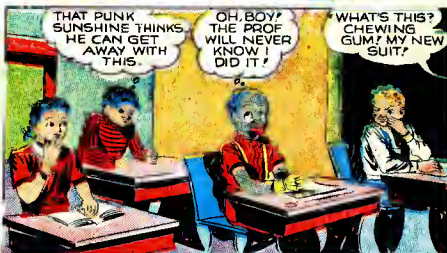
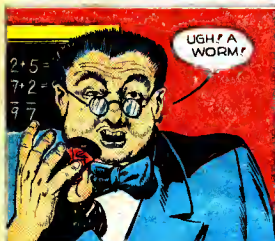
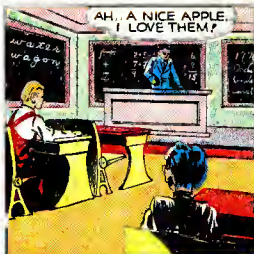
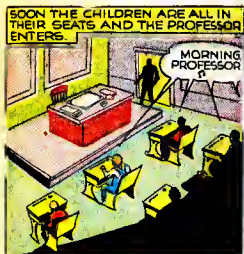


NEARBY, A SCHOOL RINGS ITS BELL, SUMMONING THE KIDS TO SCHOOL.

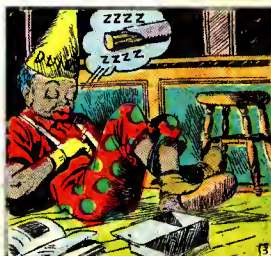
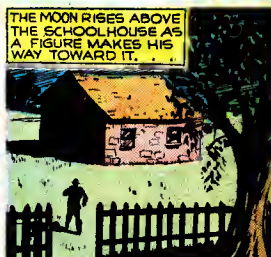
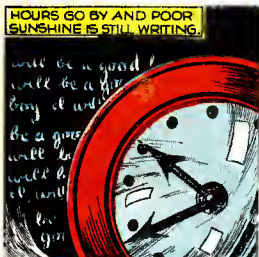
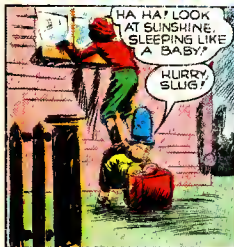
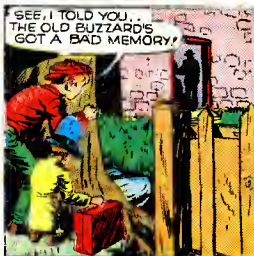
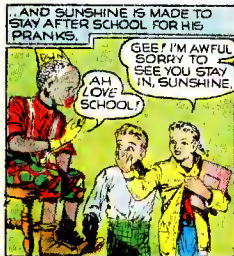


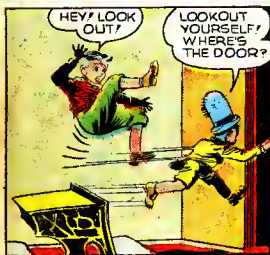
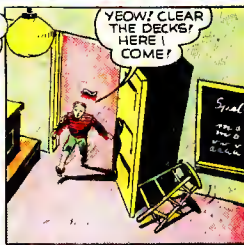
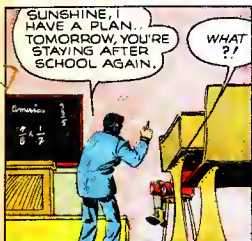
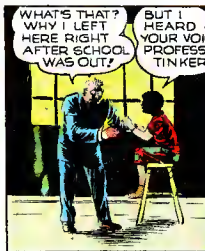
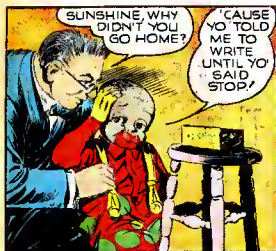
IN THE LINE WE CAN SEE SOME MEMBERS OF OUR KID PATROL.



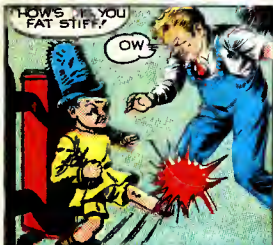
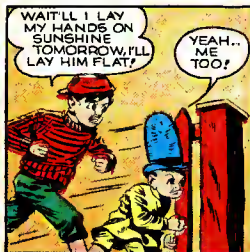




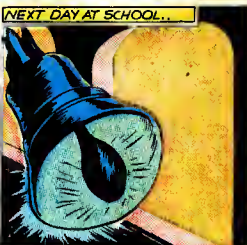




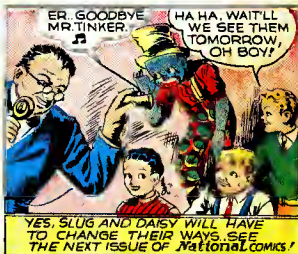


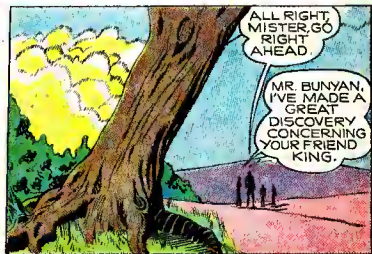
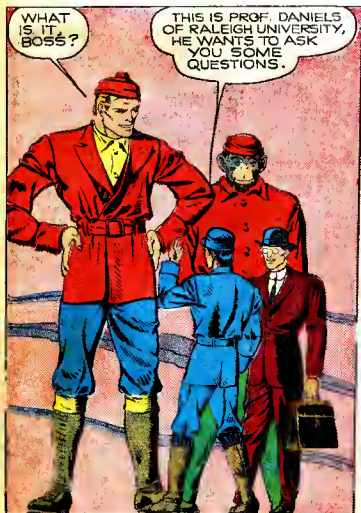
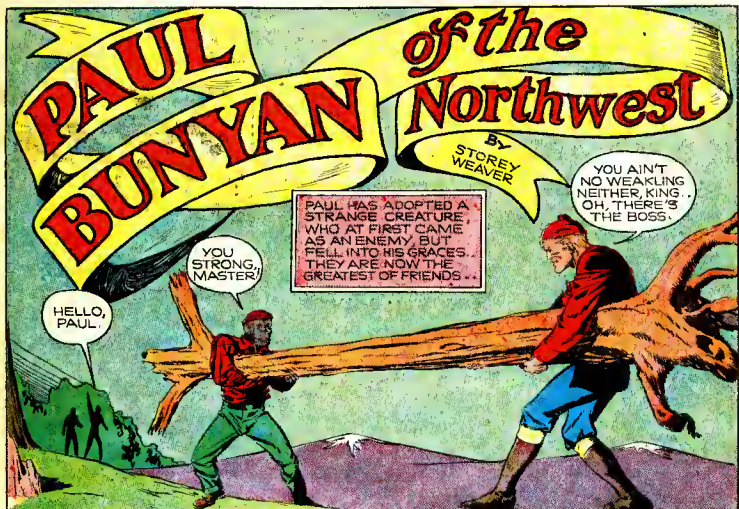


SLUG AND DAISY ARE ON THEIR WAY AGAIN...

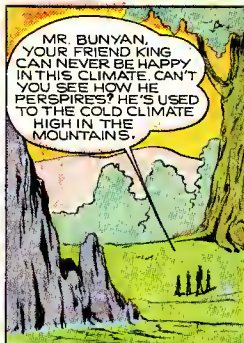


PROFESSOR TINKER GETS A PHONE CALL...





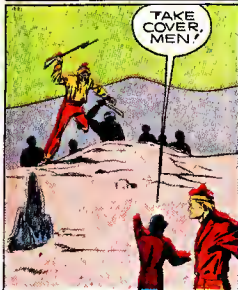




HARDLY HAS THE PROFESSOR FINISHED TALKING WHEN A CLOUD OF DUST IS SEEN RISING IN THE DISTANCE...



THE NEXT INSTANT A WILD DESERT TRIBE DESCENDS UPON THE EXPEDITION...



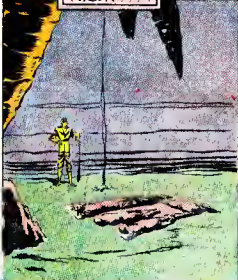
A FIERCE BATTLE ENSUES



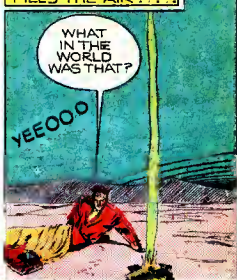
THE EXPEDITION IS STILL HOLDING THEIR OWN AS NIGHT FALLS



A SENTRY IS CHOSEN AND THE PARTY BUNKS FOR THE NIGHT



SUDDENLY A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM FILLS THE AIR...



THE ENTIRE PARTY WAKENS AND RUNS TOWARD THE SENTRY...



PAUL AND KING GIVE CHASE, HEEDLESS OF THE PROFESSOR'S WARNINGS...



A SHOT RINGS OUT AND KING FALLS..





PAUL CHARGES FORWARD, RAGING WITH EVERY STEP BULLETS SPATTER THE SAND BEFORE HIM.



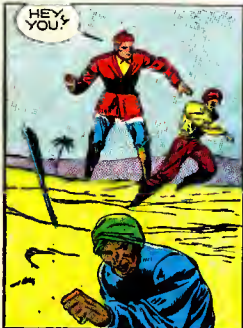
TEARING INTO THE TRIBE, PAUL RAISES HAVOC.



HAMMERING THE ASSASSINS INTO INSENSIBILITY.



HEY, YOU?



THE LAST INDIAN IN PAUL'S CLUTCHES IS TOSSED HIGH IN THE AIR.



WELL, BOYS, WE MIGHT AS WELL KEEP MOVING. I THINK EVERYONE IS TOO RESTLESS TO GET ANY SLEEP NOW.



MORNING FINDS THE EXPEDITION AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

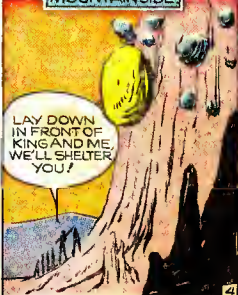


LOOK, PROFESSOR, LOOK HOW HAPPY KING IS..

EVERY STEP BRINGS MORE HAPPINESS TO KING AS HE IS GETTING NEARER TO HIS KINSMEN. SUDDENLY...



A TERRIFIC RUMBLE IS HEARD AS GIANT BOULDERS COME CRASHING DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE.



LAY DOWN IN FRONT OF KING AND ME, WE'LL SHELTER YOU!

PAUL AND KING  
STEP FORWARD  
TO SHELTER  
THEIR PARTY,  
AND THE  
BOULDER'S  
BOUNCE  
HARMLESSLY  
OFF THEM.



BUT FOLLOWING THE COMEBACKS  
IS A SMALL ARMY OF GIANTS  
SUCH AS KING... THE  
EXPEDITION IS HELPLESS.

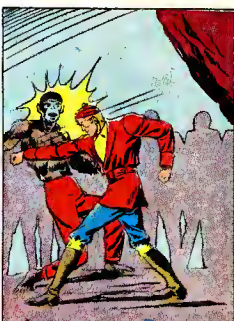
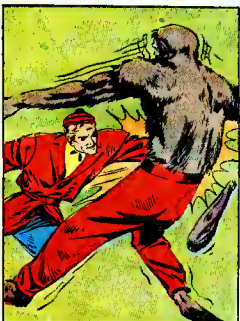


PAUL IS RESTRAINED BY KING.

NO MASTER,  
THERE ARE  
MANY. YOU  
MUST BEAT  
CHIEF IN  
BATTLE TO  
BE SET FREE



PAUL'S CHALLENGE IS  
ACCEPTED BY THE CHIEF.



NO FIGHT,  
NO TAKE FRIENDS  
AND GO  
FREE!



GOODBYE,  
MASTER, YOU  
MAKE ME  
HAPPY. ME  
NEVER FOR-  
GET YOU!

I'LL  
NEVER  
FORGET  
YOU, EITHER,  
KING.



PAUL,  
YOU WERE  
GREAT!

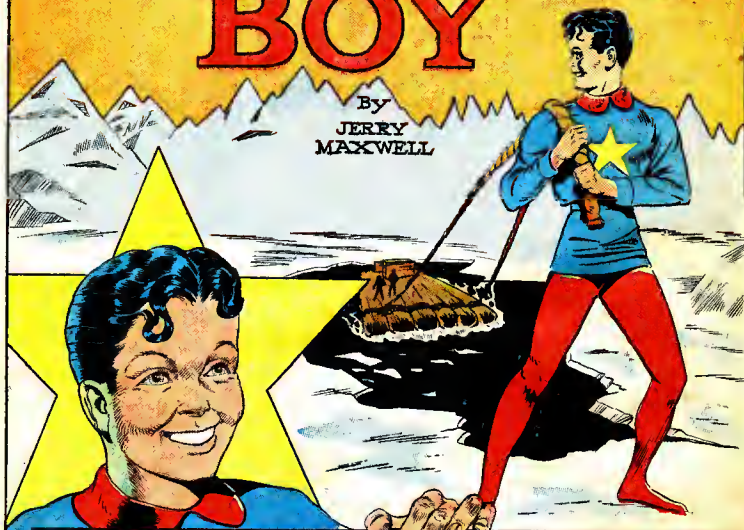
SHUCKS!  
'TWEREN'T  
NOTHIN'!

PAUL RETURNS TO THE  
NORTH WOODS IN NEXT  
MONTHS ISSUE OF  
NATIONAL COMICS



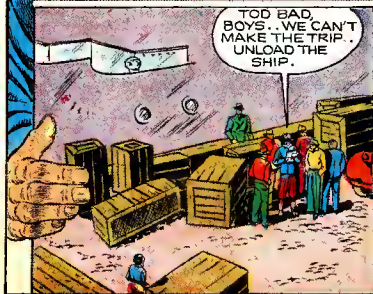
# WONDER BOY

By  
JERRY  
MAXWELL



WONDER BOY, THE LAD WITH THE STRENGTH AND COURAGE OF A HUNDRED MEN, IS WALKING ALONG THE DOCKS OF SAN FRANCISCO WHEN HE OVERHEARS...

TOD BAD, BOYS... WE CAN'T MAKE THE TRIP. UNLOAD THE SHIP.

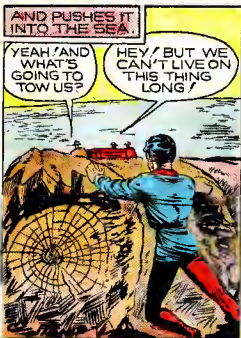


MY FINANCES HAVE BEEN SUDDENLY CUT SHORT. I'M BROKE... I GUESS OUR DREAMS ARE BLASTED.

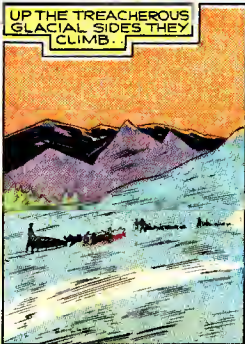
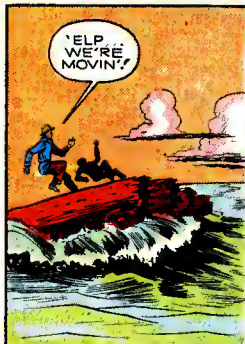
AW...

ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP, MISTER?









THE OTHERS RUSH TO THE RESCUE...

EASY THERE!

HANG ON!

RUN, MEN! THE WHOLE SIDE IS FALLING!

THE MEN CHASE TO SAFETY AS WONDER BOY PITS HIS STRENGTH WITH THE THUNDEROUS GLACIER...

THEY'RE SAFE... I CAN LET GO NOW.

TONS OF ICE CRASH DOWN UPON THE BOY!

HE'LL BE KILLED!

BUT SEVERAL MINUTES LATER HIS CURLY HEAD POKES UP THROUGH THE FROZEN MASS.

WHATEVER YOUR ASTOUNDING POWER IS, WE'RE MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU LAD, AND THANKFUL THAT YOU WEREN'T HURT.

I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO RESCUE JED... HE'S GONE... I'M AFRAID.

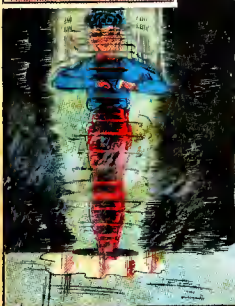
NO, HE'S STILL ALIVE... I... I HEAR HIM..

WONDER BOY BORES THROUGH THE ICE...

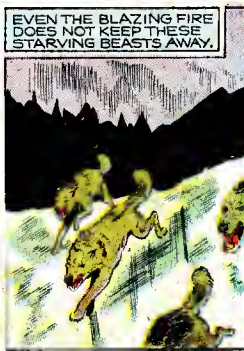
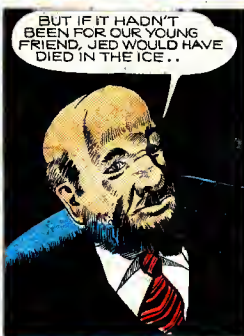
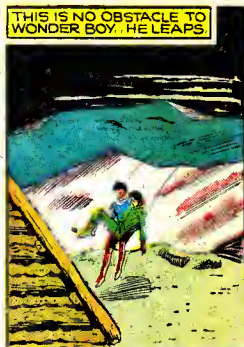
GIVE ME A HAND, JED!

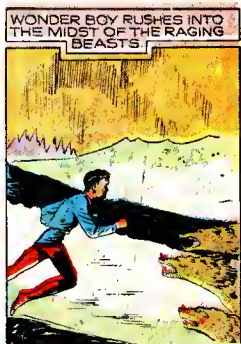
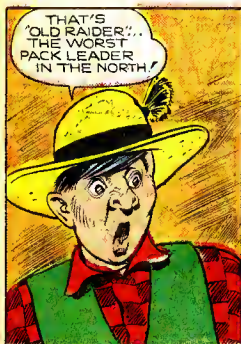
I... I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN.

HE'S FAINTED, ALMOST FROZEN STIFF.











# QUICKSILVER

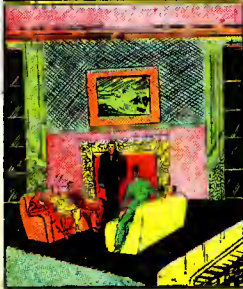
## The Laughing Robin Hood

BY  
NICK  
CARDY

THE LAUGHING WHIRLWIND, QUICKSILVER, RUNS A STEEPLECHASE AGAINST CRIME IN ANOTHER FASTER THAN LIGHTNING ADVENTURE.



BIG BOSS TONY SINN CALLS A MEETING OF HIS HENCHMEN TO DISCUSS THEIR SUMMER SCHEDULE.



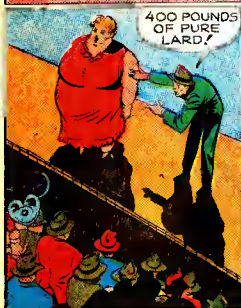
YOU BOYS WORKED HARD ALL WINTER... WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IT EASY, HAVE SOME FUN AND TAKE SOME EASY PICKINS AT THE STATE FAIR.



EARLY IN THE SEASON THE GANG MOVES IN ON THE AMUSEMENT PARK.



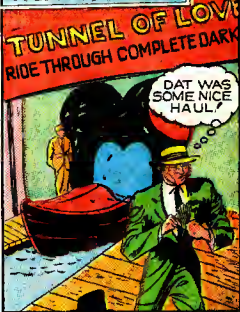
SWIFT FINGERS GO TO WORK  
IN SPECTATOR'S POCKETS...



CASHIERS ARE EASY VICTIMS...



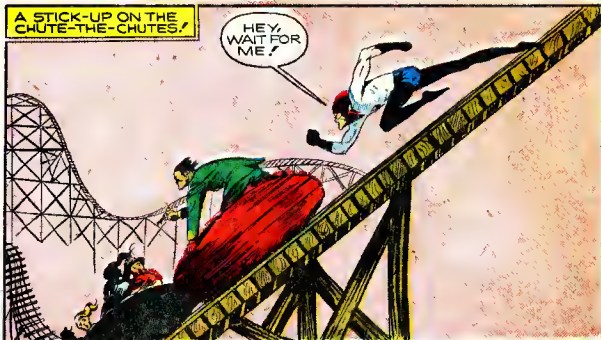
DARKNESS MAKES A  
GOOD ACCOMPLICE...

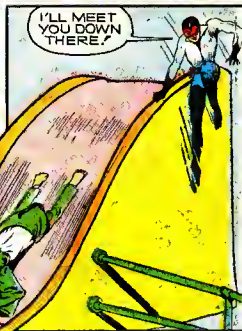


THE CROOKS DON'T KNOW WHO  
THEY HAVE JUST ROBBED....





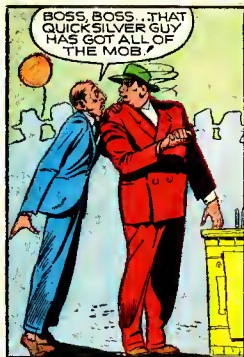




THE SINN BOYS GO TUMBLING DOWN THE BUMPY SLIDE TO THE SPINNING FLOOR.



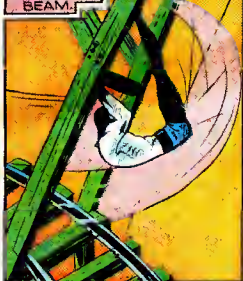




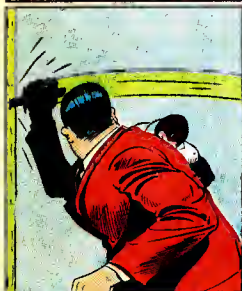
QUICKSILVER STREAKS BEFORE THE SPEEDING CAR...

HE CATCHES ON TO A SUPPORTING BEAM!

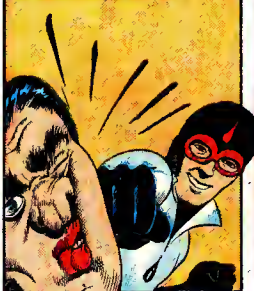
AND NO DROPS AS THE CARS PASS UNDER HIM...



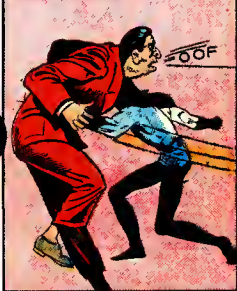
BUT THE SLIPPERY QUICK-SILVER ISN'T THERE WHEN THE KNIFE STRIKES...



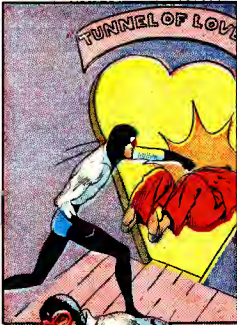
HE WHIPS UP WITH A SMASHING LEFT...



AND A RIGHT TO THE BODY.



ANOTHER PUNISHING LEFT TO THE JAW...



OOOH, YOU SWEET THING!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...



WATCH FOR MORE SWIFT ANTICS IN QUICKSILVER'S NEW ACROBATIC ADVENTURES, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!



# PROP POWERS

by  
LYNN  
BYRD

**PROP POWERS, FAMED TRANSPORT PILOT, LEAVES HIS HIGHLY PAID JOB TO JOIN THE NAVAL AIR CORPS. HE REALIZES THAT TRAINED MEN ARE NEEDED FOR THE NATION'S DEFENSE.**

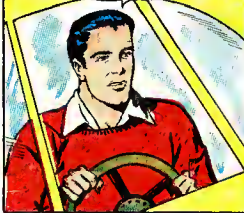
**PROP FLIES HIS OWN WACO TO THE NAVAL AIR BASE AT PENSACOLA.**

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

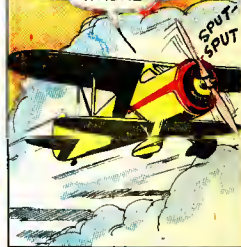
I WONDER WHETHER THE GALS STILL GO FOR A NAVAL UNIFORM?



OH! OH! FEELS LIKE SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH 'OLD NELL'. SHE'S NOT FLYING SO SMOOTHLY. I HOPE THE MOTOR DOESN'T CONK OUT HERE!



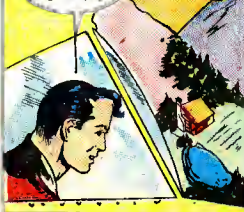
SHE'S DEAD. NOW I'LL HAVE TO SIT DOWN SOMEWHERE AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG.



FINDING A NEEOLE IN A HAYSTACK IS A CINCH COMPARED TO LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LAND IN THESE TENNESSEE HILLS.



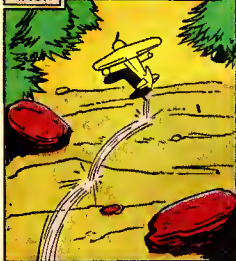
THERE'S A SMALL CLEARING. IT LOOKS ABOUT AS BIG AS A POSTAGE STAMP!



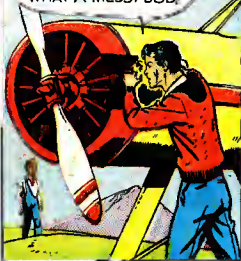
I'LL HAVE TO SIDE-SLIP IN! I HOPE 'OLD NELL' KEEPS ALL IN ONE PIECE!



PROP GLIDES TO A LANDING ON THE ROCKY FIELD. THE STURDY SHIP TAKES THREE TEETH-JARRING HOPS, THEN COMES TO A HALT.



NOW WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES IS WRONG? / @☆!!! I'VE GOT OIL ALL OVER ME! THE OIL LINE IS BROKEN! WHAT A MESSY JOB!



A TALL FIGURE SAUNTERS UP TO THE PLANE. . . .

SO YER DNE O' THEM PILOT FELLERS. ALLUS IN A HURRY! MAH OIL MULE IS FAST ENOUGH FO ME... NEVER GITS NO MOTOR TROUBLE OR NOTHIN'!



AH NEVER COULD FIGGER WHY YOU FELLAS WUZ IN SECH A HURRY, ANYHOW. ALL THAT TROUBLE TO SAVE A FEW HOURS. BLAH BLAH BLAH, ETC.

I'LL JUST IGNORE THAT BLANKETY HILL BILLY!



WHERE WUZ YOU GOIN' IN THAT SKY BUGGY ANYWAY?



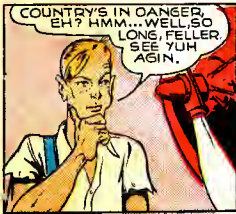
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO JOIN THE NAVAL AIR CORPS!

WHUT ARE YOU DOIN' THAT FUR?

AREN'T YOU AWARE THAT YOUR COUNTRY IS IN DANGER? IT'S THE DUTY OF EACH OF US TO DO OUR BEST TO OFFEND OUR COUNTRY FROM DANGER!



COUNTRY'S IN DANGER, EH? HMM... WELL, SO LONG, FELLER. SEE YUH AGIN.



PROP PATCHES THE OIL LINE AND TAKES OFF. . . .



MADE IT! BOY! I'M GLAD I'LL NEVER SEE THAT GABBY HILL BILLY AGAIN!

WRONG, MISTER. AH JEST THOUGHT AH'O COME ALONG AN' HELP DEFEND OUR COUNTRY. SEE I BRUNG MAH OIL SQUIRREL GUN ALONG. . . THE REVENOOSERS HAVE BEEN PESKY LATELY ANYWAYS. BY THE WAY, MAH NAME'S LANK LOOMIS. WHAT'S YOURN?



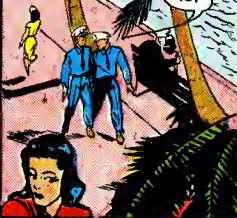


PROP AND LANK FLY ON TO PENSACOLA. MONTHS OF RIGID TRAINING FOLLOW. LANK IS TEAMED WITH PROP AS GUNNER AND PILOT AT THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED BERMUDA BASE.



PROP AND LANK STROLL ON THE BERMUDA WATERFRONT.

IT SHORE IS PURTY DOWN HYAR, AIN'T IT? THEY SURE ARE, ER, MEAN IT SURE IS!



ON A DIMLY-LIT PIER, SUDDENLY...



HEY! SHE'S GOIN' TA JUMP! STOP! STOP!

THAT WATER IS MIGHTY WET. YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO FALL IN, WOULD YOU?

OH, WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME QIE? IT'S TOO LATE NOW!

TOO LATE FER WHAT?



I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY. MY FATHER AND I WERE REFUGEES, BUT THE DICTATOR'S SECRET POLICE CAUGHT US. THEY MADE MY FATHER, WHO WAS A GREAT SCIENTIST, DESIGN THEIR FIENDISH ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION. HE WAS ORIVEN TO SUICIDE BY HIS OPPRESSORS!



AN AMAZING STORY UNFOLDS.

AND THEY WILL ATTACK TONIGHT! THERE IS NO WAY TO STOP THEM!

MEDBIE THEY IS, GIRLIE, AND MEDBIE WE KIN DO IT!



PROP COMMANDEERS A PLANE THE TWO MEN SCOUR THE SEA.



THAT GIRL'S STORY RINGS TRUE TO ME. HOWEVER, WE'LL SOON SEE!

THAT'S THE LITTLE ISLAND SHE WUZ TELLIN' US ABOUT!



MEANWHILE ON THE ISLAND, COUNT VON KRUM SPEAKS.



MEN, YOUR NAMES WILL GO DOWN IN THE HISTORY OF THEIR FATHERLAND AS HEROES. OUR PLAN IS FOOLPROOF. WE SHALL STRIKE A GREAT BLOW, YET REMAIN SECRET!

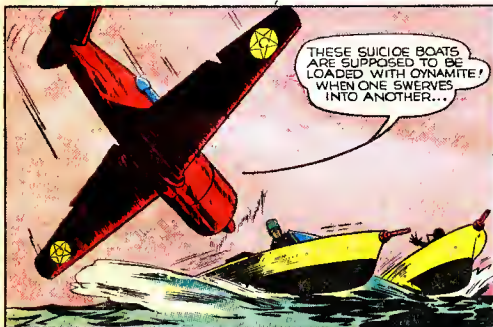


YOU KNOW YOUR ORDERS... EACH TO PICK A WARSHIP OR VITAL OFFENSE WORKS, AND STEER RIGHT INTO IT! THESE DRUGS WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH FOR YOUR TASK!

A FLEET OF SMALL MOTOR BOATS SPEED FROM THE ISLAND. ONE MAN SITS IN EACH, EYES DILATED, STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD.



LOOK! THERE THEY GO! SO FAR EVERYTHING SHE SAID IS RIGHT!

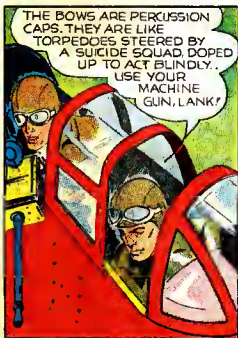


THESE SUICIDE BOATS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LOADED WITH DYNAMITE! WHEN ONE SWERVES INTO ANOTHER...

THE GIRL'S STORY PROVES TRUE. THE SPEEDBOATS ARE FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES, AND ON CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER...



THEY EXPLODE WITH A ROAR.



THE BOWS ARE PERCUSSION CAPS. THEY ARE LIKE TORPEDOES STEERED BY A SUICIDE SQUAD, DOPED UP TO ACT BLINDLY. USE YOUR MACHINE GUN, LANK!



WHAT'S WRONG? WHY AREN'T YOU SHOOTING?

AH'M SHOOTIN', BUT ALL AH'M GITTIN' IS PURTY PITCHERS. THIS HERE'S A CAMERA GUN!



BUT KEEP FLYIN' PROOR AH BRUNG MAH OL' SQUIRREL GUN... AH KNEW IT WOULD COME IN HANDY!



THE MOUNTAINEER'S DEADLY FIRE TAKES ITS TOLL AMONG THE BOATS. A WELL-PLACED BULLET TOUCHES OFF A SPEEDING TORPEDO.



THE DRUGGED MEN SPEED ON... ALL AROUND THEM THEIR COMRADES ARE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER.



HOW'RE YOU DOING, LANK?  
KEEP CIRCLIN'. PROP. WE STILL HAVE A FEW CLAY PIGEONS LEFT!



AT THE HOME BASE THE TWO MEN SCRAMBLE FROM THE PLANE AND HEAD FOR THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE.



SOMETHING TO REPORT, SIR. (PUFF PUFF) SUICIDE SQUAD. HUMAN TORPEDOES! ISLAND IN OCEAN... SPEEDBOATS BLOWN UP!

WHOA! YOU'RE IN A SPIN! ONE AT A TIME!



PROP RELATES HIS ADVENTURE. THE COMMANDANT SETS OUT TO THE ISLAND IN A LAUNCH.

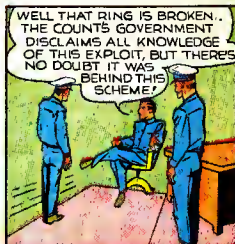


IN REPLY, A SHOT CRASHES FROM THE ISLAND.



A SQUADRON OF CURTISS DIVE BOMBERS IMMEDIATELY APPEARS OVER THE ISLAND.





FOLLOW PROP AND LANK IN NEXT MONTH'S **NATIONAL COMICS**



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# Pen Miller

The **CARTOONIST DETECTIVE**

BY *Klaus*

**F**AMED AS A COMIC BOOK ARTIST, AND FEARED AS A TOPNOTCH DETECTIVE BY THE UNDERWORLD, "PEN" MILLER HAS LITTLE DIFFICULTY FINDING MATERIAL FOR HIS SERIES ON CRIME FROM THE HISTORIES OF THE CASES HE HAS CRACKED. AT THE MOMENT, HE HAS FINISHED ONE INSTALLMENT AND, READY FOR ANOTHER, HE GROPE FOR AN IDEA.

WAIT, DON'T TURN IT OFF NIKI...

ALL ALIENS NOT REGISTERED BY TOMORROW ARE SUBJECT TO FINE AND IMPRISONMENT....

THERE'S A GOOD ANGLE HERE

"ALIENS ARE WARNED AGAINST RACKETEERS WHO PROMISE EXEMPTION FROM REGISTRATION FOR A CERTAIN SUM OF MONEY."

THAT TIE-UP WITH CASE YOU TRY TO SOLVE NOW, MIST' MILLER?

YEP. THE DEAD MAN IS ASSUMED TO BE AN ALIEN... I HAVE A HUNCH SOMEBODY DIDN'T WANT HIM TO REGISTER!

NO CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY OR MURDERER. SAVE THESE CORDS AROUND HIS WRISTS WHEN WE FOUND HIM FLOATING IN THE HARBOR.

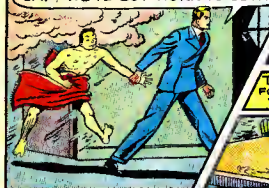
I'M GOING TO A ROPE AND TWINE WHOLE MILLER! KEEP YOURSELF OCCUPIED TILL I GET BACK

MM. COTTON AND HEMPEN WARP... OBVIOUSLY USED AS A FOUNDATION FOR ORIENTAL CARPETS...

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

**PEN RUSHES BACK TO HIS QUARTERS**

WHO THE HECK TOLD YOU TO TAKE A BATH IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY? WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO...



LOOK...THE DECEASED WAS A NEAR-EASTERNER AND OWNED BY THE WATERFRONT WE HAVE THE 'NEAR-EAST RUG COMPANY'! WHAT DO YOU THINK, NIKI?



THE TWO PROCEED FORTHWITH TO THE WATERFRONT...



YOU THE MESSENGER FOR THE RUG COMPANY?



THE DETECTIVE LEARNS THE YOUTH IS AN ALIEN, WHO HAS NOT REGISTERED...



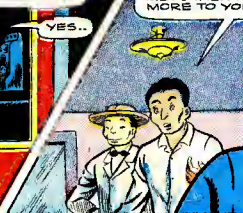
JUST FOOD AND BED... NO ONE GET PAY!



EVERYONE OSESERVES TO EARN A DECENT LIVING... YOU CALL UP YOUR BOSS AND TELL HIM YOUR QUITTING!



MR.KASGAR SAY IF I TRY QUIT, HE KILL ME! I TALK NO MORE TO YOU!

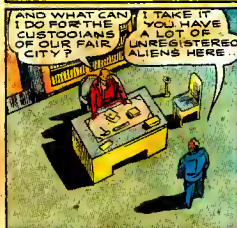


NIKI, TAKE HIM UP TO OUR PLACE... MR.KASGAR AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A SHOWDOWN!



**PEN ENCOUNTERS KASGAR...**

AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE CUSTODIANS OF OUR FAIR CITY? I TAKE IT YOU HAVE A LOT OF UNREGISTERED ALIENS HERE...



SO? AND WHENCE COMES INFORMATION OF SUCH DUBIOUS NATURE?

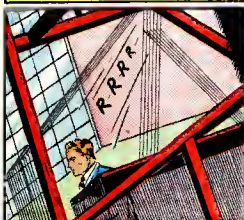


I AM SORRY, THEY DO NOT SPEAK ENGLISH... HOWEVER, LOOK AROUND!





AS PEN WALKS BY THE LOOMS THERE IS A WHIRR FROM ABOVE



AND HE SIDESTEPS IN TIME TO AVOID A FATAL BLOW!



OH! I AM SO SORRY. SUCH AN ACCIDENT! YOU'RE MIGHT HAVE --



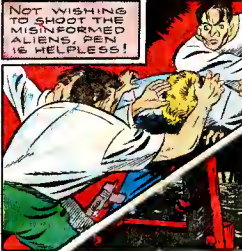
ACCIDENT! NOTHING! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

IN A LOUD VOICE THE MAN ADDRESSES HIS WORKERS IN A FOREIGN TONGUE...



THIS HOUND INTENDS TO IMPRISON YOU ALL... FOR LIFE! SEIZE HIM!

NOT WISHING TO SHOOT THE MISINFORMED ALIENS, PEN IS HELPLESS!



IN A TRICE HE IS TRUSSED UP AND DROPPED INTO THE HARBOR UNDER A PIER!

BUT THE CARTOONIST'S AGILITY STANDS HIM IN GOOD STEAD... HE NIMBLY SLIPS HIS ARMS IN FRONT OF HIM...



HANGING ONTO A SPIKE HE TEARS HIS WRISTS FREE WITH HIS TEETH.



SLOWLY HE OPENS THE TRAP DOOR... BUT HE IS SEEN!



HE'LL WALK OVER HERE TO -- AH, HERE ARE HIS STEPS NOW!



THERE, MY INQUISITIVE FRIEND!



THE DETECTIVE QUICKLY CLAMBERS INTO THE ROOM... ONLY TO FACE MORE OF THE MISLED ALIENS!



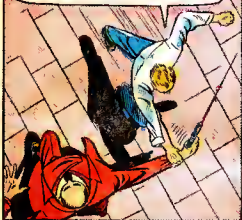
IF YOU FELLOWS ONLY KNEW I WAS TRYING TO HELP YOU!



THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



I'M NOT A VERY GOOD TARGET, MR. KASGAR!



NOW YOU TELL YOUR MEN TO GO CALMLY BACK TO WORK... THAT YOU'RE GOING OUT TO SETTLE THIS MATTER PEACEFULLY!



PEN HUSTLES HIS PRISONER BACK TO HIS STUDIO...



THIS CASE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW NOW, YOUNG MAN... SO YOU CAN TALK FREELY!

AND A STRANGE STORY FLOWS FROM THE HIS LIPS...



...AND MR. KASGAR GET US INTO AMERICA ON \$1000 BONDS... WE THEN MUST WORK OFF DEBT TO HIM... BUT HE ONLY CHECKS OFF PRICE OF FOOD AND BOARD AGAINST DEBT. WE DO NOT KNOW HOW LONG WE MUST WORK FOR NOTHING...



WELL, LAD, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR DAYS OF SLAVERY ARE OVER!



THE CARTOONIST HANDS THE CASE OVER TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND IT IS SOON BUT ANOTHER ENTRY ON THE POLICE GLOTTER...



AND NOW YOU CAN RESUME YOUR BATH, YOU ORIENTAL SPONGE!

?! oo.

WHERE-UPON MILLER RETIRES TO HIS DRAWING BOARD AND PROCEEDS TO DE-LINEATE THE WHOLE STORY ON PAPER, AS YOU HAVE SEEN IT HERE...



...PEN MILLER PROBES INTO ANOTHER CASE AND FINDS FURTHER INSPIRATION FOR HIS STORIES... IN THE NEXT ISSUE...



# YANKEE DOODLE BOY

by ANTHONY LAMB

It wasn't a tornado that knocked Jimmy Jones down flat on the hard cement—but it felt like one.

Racing feet pounded on the chest of the Yankee Doodle boy as he tried to rise and kicked him down a flight of hard, stone steps into a dark cellarway. He staggered to his feet and tried to get his bearings. But another onslaught sent him flying into the blackness of an empty basement as three more running figures bolted down the steps.

A door was slammed and a hasty barricade erected in the dark. Anxious whispers and muttered curses flew over Jimmy's head as he sat on the damp floor

and rubbed his bruises. Whenever he was, he couldn't get out now. Best thing to do was to lay low and wait.

As his eyes got used to the dark, Jimmy made out the figures of five young boys, all around his own age. They were all huddled near a crack in the wall watching the street. He gathered, from their conversation, that they were hiding from the police.

"Guess we're safe now—they run right past this place."

"Yeah, Barney was sure smart to pick dis joint for us to hide out in."

"Barney's always right. Don't forget it!"

Somebody backed up and stumbled across Jimmy's leg.

"Hey, dere's someone here!"

A match was lit and a grimy, young, pugnacious chin was thrust in Jimmy's face.

"Who are you. How'dja get here?"

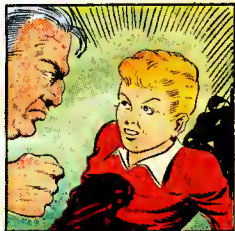
"You practically pulled me in by the skin of my teeth. If you don't mind, I'd like to go."

"Well, I do mind. See? You can't go, you know too much. You'll have to wait and see Barney."

Jimmy rose and looked squarely at the other boy. He noticed the swelling young muscles on the bare chest—the hands clenched in threatening fists.

"I haven't time to wait—I've got to get back—"

The fist shot up. Jimmy jerked his head to the right and the blow glanced off his shoulder. He came up with a swift right to the jaw and knocked the other back into the arms of his gang. A surprised murmur greeted this—and the Yankee Doodle Boy asked if he wanted any more.



He did. The excited audience lit match after match to watch the flying fists as the battle thundered around the dark cellar. And it wasn't long before they began cheering the unknown victor.

Jimmy helped his opponent to his feet and grinned at the rest. "You fella's seem to be in some sort of trouble—maybe I can help you."

They gathered eagerly around him. It wasn't often that anyone beat up Slug O'Keefe and they were interested.

"It's the cops," piped up one little guy, "they don't understand us."

"Yeah, and who's this Barney?"

"Dat's our boss. We do jobs for him. You know, little jobs,



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like passin' fake coins and snitch-in' from stores—pickin' pockets. We're just learnin'. Maybe you'd like to work for him, too, huh?"

"Well—maybe," Jimmy hedged. "Do you really like the work?"

"Sure. Sure." The little kid seemed nervous. "That is—we don't LIKE it exactly—most of us are gettin' fed up—but it's the only way—"

"Hey, shut up you guys, here he comes now. You better hide, tella."

Jimmy ducked down behind an empty packing case as a huge bully of a man stepped into the room and threw a flashlight on the scared faces of the gang.

"So you dopes are gettin' careless again! Got the cops after you. I oughta beat up the whole bunch of yez! What am I teachin' you for—to get you free rent in the house of correction?"

Anger hegan to surge through Jimmy's veins. He could see that the kids were plenty scared of the blustering, red-faced Barney—teacher of crime.

"One—two—" he began to count to ten to keep his temper down.

Barney laid his heavy hand on the littl'est boy's head. "What would happen to your sick kid

sister, if I didn't pay you off every week? Huh? Just remember that!"

"Four—five—"

"And you, Skinny—better hand in a better snatch next Friday—or mama goes over the hill—see!"

"Six—seven—"

"Hey, Barney, don't kick Skinny around like that—he's coughin' awful bad—"

Barney's big fist came down on the protesting face. "You tryin' to tell me how to run my business?"

"Eight—nineten!"

Jimmy couldn't watch in silence any longer. He sprang like a streak of unleashed lightning straight for the legs of Boss Barney. The big man went down with a resounding thud. With a roar of surprised fury he rose and lunged toward Jimmy.

No one could exactly describe what happened then, but the next thing they knew, the six feet of man was flying over the Yankee Doodle Boy's head and landed flat on his back—out cold.

"Gee, how'd you do it?" Jimmy was surrounded by unbelieving questioners—they thought they were dreaming their favorite dream—that couldn't be their

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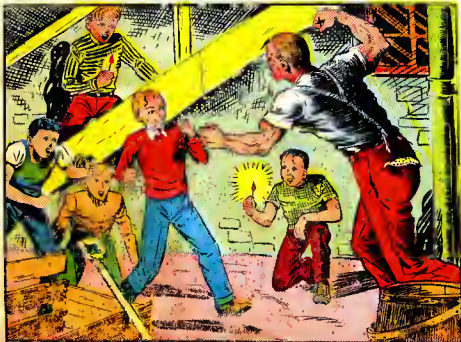
boss Barney lying on the floor, unconscious.

Jimmy had grown a shade paler himself and wasn't too sure it had really worked. "I've only been practicing a little while—I didn't know I could do it. Jiu-jitsu, you know—trick stuff. I learned it from the son of the Japanese Ambassador."

Later that day, the Yankee Doodle Boy left the police station with the whole gang. They were free but in his custody—he was responsible for their good behavior from now on.

He kept an eye on them all right. Put them to work—drumming up votes, getting petitions signed and making speeches in community centers—and it wasn't very hard to find out who was behind the bill that passed the Senate that spring for better housing conditions in the slum areas—more play grounds and boys' clubs—which all meant, less opportunity for men like Barney to get a hold on desperate kids.

The Yankee Doodle Boy had scored another knockout blow on crime.





# Kid Dixon

BY BOB REYNOLDS

YOU CAN HAVE LIQUOR,  
YOUR GIN AND HARD  
WHISKEY. GIVE ME  
GOOD OLD WATER  
ANY TIME--CAN'T  
GET YOU INTO  
TROUBLE....

NOT  
MUCH!



STOP DRINKING SO MUCH WATER,  
YOU BOOB. YOU BEEN PUTTIN'  
ON TOO MUCH WEIGHT  
AS IS.

AW!



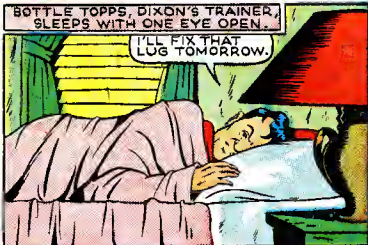
BUT LATE THAT NIGHT....

TRAININ' OR NO TRAININ'  
I'M THIRSTY.



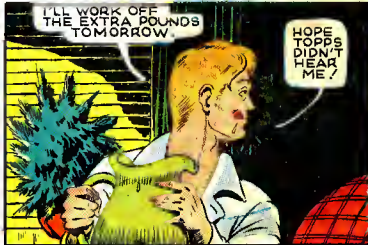
BOTTLE TOPPS, DIXON'S TRAINER,  
SLEEPS WITH ONE EYE OPEN.

I'LL FIX THAT  
LUG TOMORROW.



I'LL WORK OFF  
THE EXTRA POUNDS  
TOMORROW.

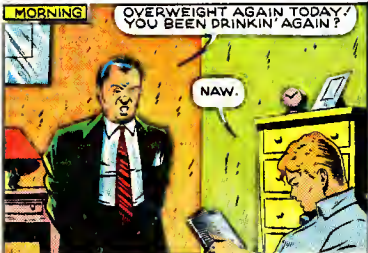
HOPE  
TOPPS  
DIDN'T  
HEAR  
ME!



MORNING

OVERWEIGHT AGAIN TODAY?  
YOU BEEN DRINKIN' AGAIN?

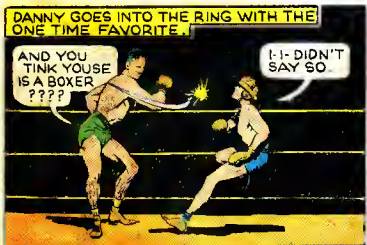
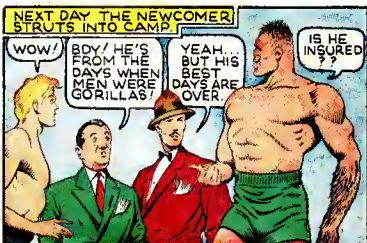
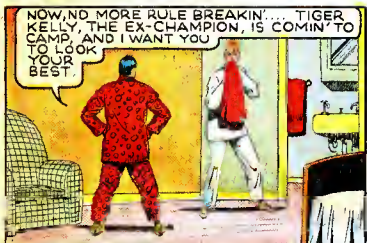
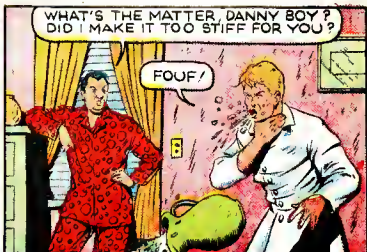
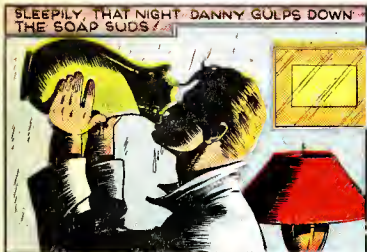
NAW.



THAT NIGHT TOPPS LATHERS THE WATER  
PITCHER....

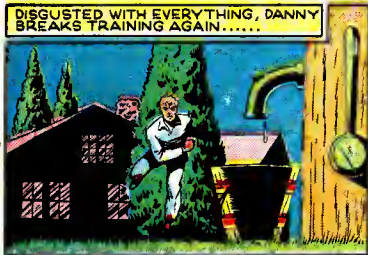
I'LL LARN HIM!



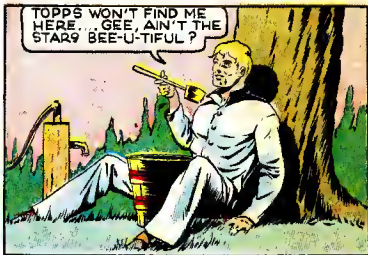




DISGUSTED WITH EVERYTHING, DANNY  
BREAKS TRAINING AGAIN.....



TOPPS WON'T FIND ME  
HERE... GEE, AIN'T THE  
STAR9 BEE-U-TIFUL?



HEY? WHO'S THAT  
OVER THERE?  
T-TOPPS? NO....  
IT'S SOME OTHER  
GUYS.



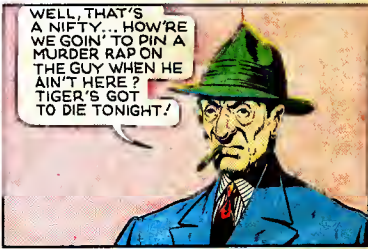
WE'LL GET  
THE KID WHILE  
HE'S SLEEPIN'.



HE'S GONE // KID DIXON  
AIN'T IN HIS BED !!!!



WELL, THAT'S  
A NIFTY... HOW'RE  
WE GOIN' TO PIN A  
MURDER RAP ON  
THE GUY WHEN HE  
AIN'T HERE?  
TIGER'S GOT  
TO DIE TONIGHT!

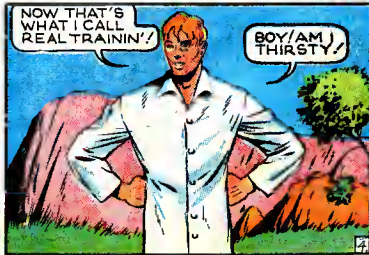
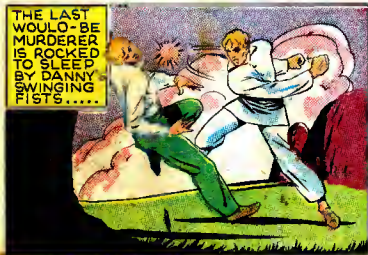
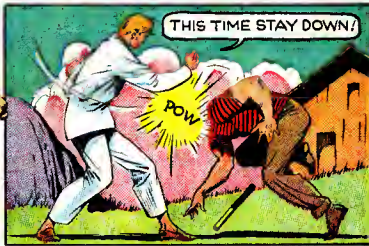
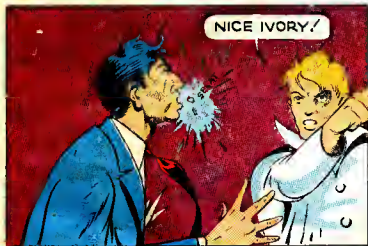
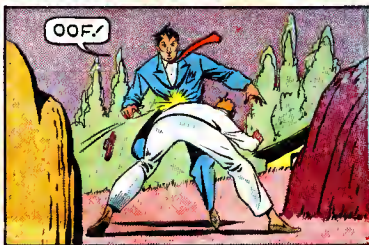


OH, I DON'T THINK  
HE WILL, MISTER...  
IN FACT, I GOT A  
STRONG HUNCH  
HE WON'T.



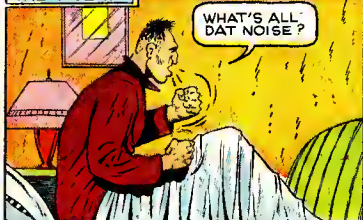
AND IF YOU NEED  
CONVINCING...



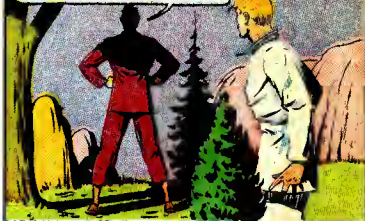




MEANWHILE THE RACKET HAS AWAKENED THE TIGER.



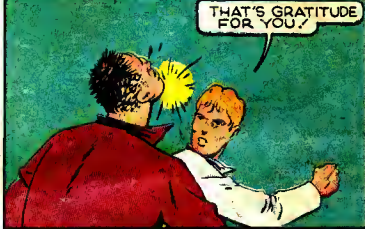
HEY, YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW I NEED MY SLEEP?



I OUGHT TO TAKE A SOCK AT YOU. IN FACT, I WILL !!



THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU?



HEY, SOMEONE'S THROWIN' DYNAMITE!

WOT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

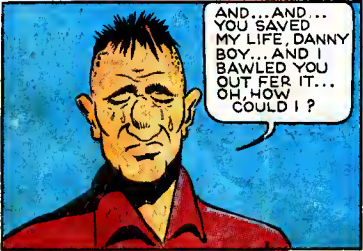


DANNY SHOWS THE TIGER THE HEAP OF CROOKS...

DEY WUZ GOIN' TO MOIDER ME! DEY GOT A GRUDGE 'CAUSE I LICKED ALL THEIR FIGHTERS.



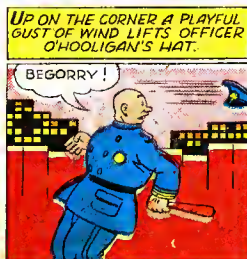
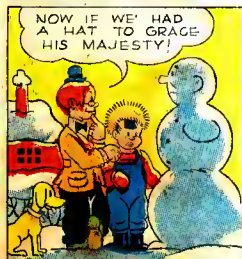
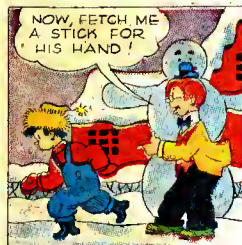
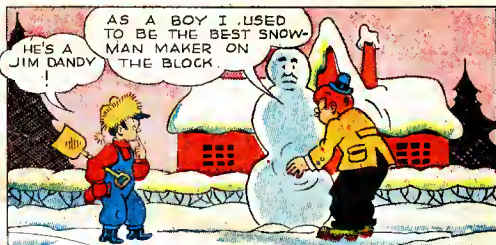
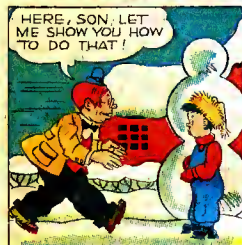
AND...AND... YOU SAVED MY LIFE, DANNY BOY... AND I BAWLED YOU OUT FER IT... OH, HOW COULD I?



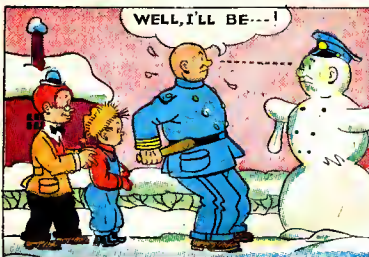
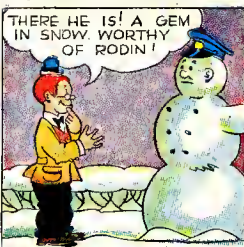
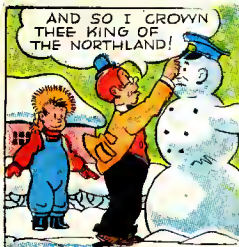
FERGIVE ME! PLEASE FERGIVE ME... I TINK YOU'RE DE GREATEST FIGHTER IN DE WOILD.



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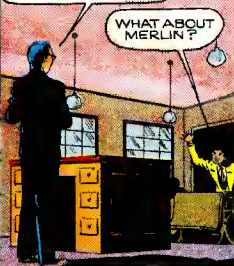
PECK BROTHERS 2926 WHITNEY AVE.  
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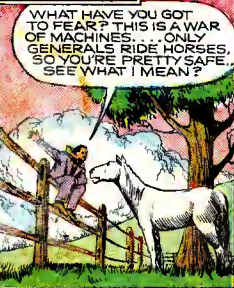
A HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL LECTURES TO A FRESHMAN CLASS...THE SUBJECT, LOOKING AT, LIFE REALISTICALLY....



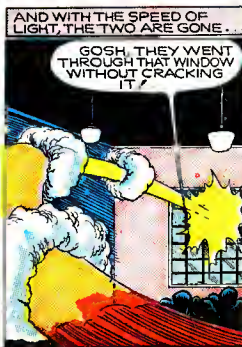
MAGIC IS MERELY ILLUSION AND EVERY MAGICIAN IS A HOAX, FURTHERMORE...



IN THE MEANTIME, THE GREAT MAGICIAN IS DISCUSSING THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION WITH DOBBIN...







WHEN GRONE RECOVERS HIS SENSES, THEY ARE TRAVELING ALONG A COUNTRY LANE....



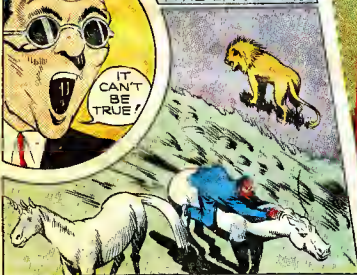
WE'RE TRAVELING THROUGH COUNTRY WHICH YOU SAID DOES NOT EXIST... FAIRYLAND



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE BRUSH LEAPS THE FABLED UNICORN, FOLLOWED BY A ROARING LION



AT A GESTURE FROM MERLIN THE TWO BEASTS CLEAR THE LANE....



AT THE GATE THEY ARE STOPPED BY GUARDS IN ANCIENT DRESS..



YOU CANNOT ENTER UNLESS YOU ARE PREPARED TO COMPETE FOR THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS!



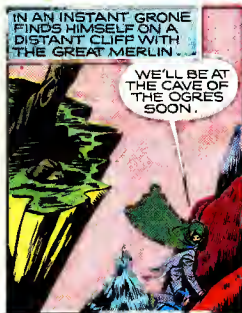
AND SO THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE GARDEN...



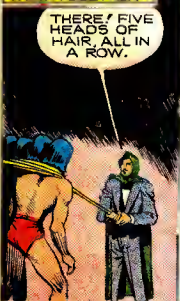
HOWEVER, THE CONTEST IS OPEN TO ALL...THE OTHER







HE ROPES BOTH  
OGRES AND BINDS  
THEM TOGETHER.



THERE! FIVE  
HEADS OF  
HAIR, ALL IN  
A ROW.

AT A GESTURE  
FROM HIM, SHEARS  
MATERIALIZED  
ABOVE THE HEADS...



THERE! A  
LOCK FROM  
EACH HEAD.  
AND NOW,  
BACK TO THE  
PRINCESS.



OH,  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS,  
HERE ARE  
THE LOCKS.

WONDERFUL!  
NOW FOR THE  
SECOND  
TASK.



YOU MUST BRING  
AN EGG FROM THE  
HEN THAT LAYS THE  
GOLDEN  
ONES...



HE GESTURES...

THIS MEANS A  
TRIP TO THE  
CLOUDS, SO  
WE'LL USE A  
WINGED STEED,  
PEGASUS.



WHY ARE THOSE CONTESTANTS  
GROWING BEAN STALKS?

TO CLIMB  
TO THE  
GIANT'S  
CASTLE!



SOON THEY SEE  
THE FANTASTIC  
CASTLE.



CAUTIOUSLY  
MERLIN OPENS  
THE DOOR...



FOLLOW  
QUIETLY, THE  
GIANT IS  
ASLEEP.

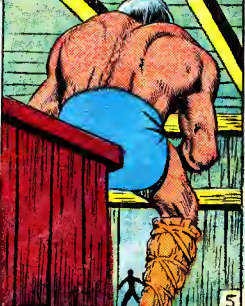
THE EGG IN THEIR  
POSSESSION, THEY  
PREPARE TO LEAVE.



BETTER STOP  
YOUR TEETH FROM  
CHATTERING, GRONE,  
THE NOISE IS  
WAKING THE  
GIANT.

HARUMPH.

HE AWAKES, BUT TOO LATE.  
THE TWO ARE OUT THE DOOR.





LATER WHILE STROLLING THROUGH THE GARDEN, THE PRINCESS SEES A STRANGE PHENOMENON.



AS IT FLOATS TO THE GROUND MERLIN AND GRONE EMERGE.



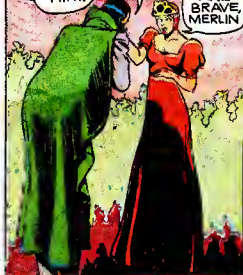
YES, I AM MERLIN...SOMETHING TROUBLES YOU...I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES.



WHOEVER FREES ALLEN SHALL HAVE MY HAND IN MARRIAGE. I WOULD RATHER SACRIFICE MYSELF THAN SEE ALLEN KILLED!



YOUR LOVE IS GREAT, PRINCESS. I SHALL TRY TO RESCUE HIM.



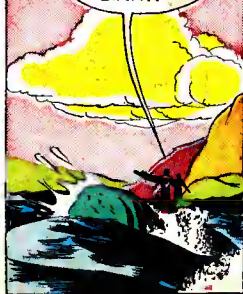
IN A SHORT WHILE THE HEROES ARRIVE AT A TREACHEROUS STREAM.



QUICKLY HE CONVERTS IT INTO A BOAT.



DON'T BE AFRAID, GRONE, WE WON'T SINK..



THEY REACH THE OPPOSITE SHORE..



SEEING THEM THE MONSTER  
BECOMES FURIOUS.



MERLIN  
GESTURES..



AND THE HUGE  
UGLY JAWS ARE  
COLD AND  
BECOME  
FROZEN.



THE CLAWS RELAX AND  
PRINCE ALLEN IS FREE.

BY WHAT POWER  
HATH HE ACCOMPLISHED  
THIS FEAT?



SPARE YOUR THANKS  
PRINCE ALLEN AND HURRY  
BACK TO YOUR PRINCESS  
FOR HER HEART IS  
ACHING FOR YOU

B.. BUT  
YOU..



I HAVE BORROWED  
A MERE SECOND  
FROM MY WORLD  
TO COME TO YOURS.  
NOW I MUST RETURN.  
GOOD LUCK.

YOU ARE  
TOO KIND  
AND  
UNSELFISH.



AND LIKE A FLASH THE  
TWO ARE GONE.

GREAT SCOTT!  
THEY VANISHED  
BEFORE MY EYES.  
WHEN I SPEAK OF  
THIS, NO ONE WILL  
EVER BELIEVE  
ME.



AT THE SAME INSTANT  
GRONE AND THE MAGICIAN  
ARE BACK IN CLASS.

MERLIN!



WELL, MISTER GRONE.. DO  
YOU STILL SAY THAT THERE  
IS NO MAGIC?

I TAKE BACK  
EVERYTHING I SAID  
AND I EXTEND MY  
MOST HUMBLE  
APOLOGIES FOR  
HAVING CALLED  
YOU A FAKE.



MERLIN'S MAGIC CLOAK  
WILL BRING HIM MORE  
AMAZING ADVENTURES  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
NATIONAL COMICS..



**THEY BUZZ WITH ACTION**

**THEY'RE ALL-ELECTRIC**

**THEY WHISTLE**

Built with No. 8 1/2 Erector Set

Built with No. 9 1/2 Erector Set

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Big 24-page illustrated book—  
"It's Fun to Be a Boy Engineer!"  
Think getting this book is as easy  
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Order 100 illustrated plates. Mail coupon  
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The A. C. Gilbert Co., 112 Erie Square, New Haven, Conn.  
Must be 14 years old (offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada)

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**I'll help you get a DAISY CHRISTMAS CARBINE**

**The New GOLDEN BANDED 1000-SHOT RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE**

Let Red Ryder help you get THE Daisy for Christmas! Just send him the coupon for your FREE CHRISTMAS CARBINE KIT containing 36 stamps to help you land your prize fast. Daisy's CHRISTMAS PRIZE CARBINES BEHOLD—exclusive perforated "messages" to win prizes your name, pictures of Bull Riders, and complete directions for winning! You'll have fun doing it. Put "Ryder" under each bullfight medal! On Dad's every visit say to Dad where he got his "Daisy"! They'll help "you" too! So getting you THE Daisy for Christmas is as easy as buying your Christmas cards. Send Coupon To: Daisy Carbine Co., P.O. Box 100, Dayton, Ohio.

Here's the BEST Christmas Gift yet got — this beautiful 1000-shot RED RYDER CARBINE featuring: (1) Genuine Western Carbine Ring (2) 18-Inch Leather Scabbard Thong Attached to Ring (3) Golden-Banded Medal (4) Golden Pistol Sight (5) Lightning-Locator Invenator — peer in 1000 shot in 30 seconds! (6) Golden-Banded Para-Plane (7) Carbine Rifle Range-Planer, Counting Lever (8) Adjustable White-Duck-Match Bear Sight (9) RED RYDER'S Picture, Signature and Horse "Thunder" Branding on Flute-Barrel stock. That's the most authentic-looking! DADDY'S CARBINE you need now "Out West", to beat "It's A DAISSY!" If you have the money now (or can get it) buy your RED RYDER CARBINE at the nearest hardware, sport goods or department store. If they haven't it (or no Daisy Dealer in your town) send us \$2.95 and we'll mail yours postpaid. (Only added in Canada). Rush COUPON. No stamp for Free Christmas!

**THE POPULAR 500 SHOT LIGHTNING LOCATOR CARBINE**

Lightning Loc. Carb.	\$5.00
Paraplane	\$4.00
Counting Lever	\$3.00
Range Planer	\$2.50
Bear Sight	\$1.00
Pistol Sight	\$1.00

**SEE DAISSY BULLS EYE SHOW AND WIN YOUR OWN 5¢**

**PRICED IN THE BIG HANDSOME CARTON**

**RED RYDER [COPY OF DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.]**  
P.O. Box 100, Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.  
Dear Dad: I enclose in stamp for year-end-handling expense. Please send me next COUPON FOR Christmas September 15.

ST. & NO. CITY \_\_\_\_\_

(\*) Check here if you want Daisy Carbine also.

**DAISY ARMS & TOOL CO.**



*The New*  
**GOLDEN BANDED**  
**1000-SHOT**  
**RED RYDER**  
POWERED BY REM-UMC. PATENTED 1911, U.S.A.  
*Saddle*  
**CARBINE**

There's Always A Better Job  
Somewhere, somewhere, another  
company, another field - perhaps  
AND STOOD CLOSER TO  
"HIS" head and to make  
position as the regional sales  
manager, Springfield, California  
only one - "Executive Search  
and Staffing" - in consultation with  
public. "HIS" was not  
the current P. - "HIS"!

See the  
**Adventures of  
RED RYDER**  
in **THE  
GUN OF SHAME**  
at your theater

**Send Coupon  
Below For Your**



**FREE**  
**CHRISTMAS**  
*Reminders*  
**KIT**

IT'S REALLY YOURS  
for \$295

Remington-Union Model 760

Remington-Union Model 760	\$250.00
Remington-Union Model 760	\$240.00
Remington-Union Model 760	\$230.00
Remington-Union Model 760	\$220.00
Remington-Union Model 760	\$210.00
Remington-Union Model 760	\$200.00

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...THE BIG HANDSOME CARTOON

**RED BYDES** [Care of BART MANUFACTURING CO.]  
471 India Street, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A.  
Dear Red: I am in a hurry to post-up handling agents. Please send me  
free, COFFEYBITE Christmas Calendar E2.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ST. & NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Check here if you want Better Housing plan.

☐ Check here if you want Baby Center also

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

**HAIST MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4612 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.**



Jim Prentice  
BRINGS YOU  
**ELECTRIC**

**FOOTBALL**  
Important  
NEW FEATURES



*Hi Boys!*

These new Electric Games are built on Sturdy Wood Frames and 14 x 14 inches, have Plated Metal Parts, Big Double-Battery Power Units, Electrically Illuminated Plays, and Colorful Hand-painted Lacquered Playing Fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

**OVER  
For a TOUCHDOWN!**

AMERICA'S greatest Football game! Loaded with Fun, Thrills, and the Fascination of Electricity!

You and your opponent represent Coach, Quarterback, Line, Ends, Backfield, and Cheering Section of your respective teams. The player who knows smart Football and who can outmaneuver his opponent will control the yardage of the miniature football as it goes up and down the gridiron—but the uncertainty

of the game often gives the losing player a "Fighting Chance" and he may sweep down the field for a "Touchdown" or a "Smashing Last Minute Victory!"

Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. Packed in brilliant yellow gift box.

The popular owner of this champion game! New 1941 MODEL, \$2.



**ELECTRIC BASEBALL**

A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the thrills of Big League Baseball! Furnishes plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" Complete with new Electric Bat, Electric Ump, Base Runners, Lights, Batteries, Scoring Device, etc. in bright red gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.



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THE most intriguing Ice Hockey game ever invented! A sensational, fast-moving game that grips you every moment the puck is on the ice! Played with complete teams including goalies. Beautifully lacquered hockey rink in contrasting blue and white. Complete with Men, Puck, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. in orange gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.



**Avoid Christmas Rush—ORDER NOW! We Pay Postage.**

**ELECTRIC GAME COMPANY, INC.,**  
6 BRIDGE STREET, HOLYOKE, MASS.

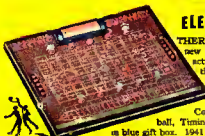
Gentlemen: I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_. Please ship at once the games (checked at right) to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ **ELECTRIC FOOTBALL**
- ☐ **ELECTRIC BASEBALL**
- ☐ **ELECTRIC ICE HOCKEY**
- ☐ **ELECTRIC BASKETBALL**
- ☐ **24 for 100¢ games checked above.** FREE Transformer Included.

**GET THIS FREE!**

With every order for three games we will include FREE one Special Transformer Unit for operating games from any 110 volt A.C. outlet. Replaces batteries.



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THERE is fun galore with this popular new Electric Basketball game! You actually feel yourself strutting down the gym floor sinking a "flashy shot" for the team! Plays and scoring follow regulation Basketball from start to finish. Complete with Miniature Basketball, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. in blue gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.